

Manteno, Ill.  
Feb. 14, 1940.

Rev. Father Floreus  
St. Jude Seminary  
Mamence, Ill.

Dear Father:

Rev. Mother stopped here on Monday but I was in Chicago. However, I learned that she was returning to Beaverville today, Feb. 14, and will be there for the rest of the week.

May I ask you to please pray for the Sister I spoke to you about? Things do not look very bright. I shall write you a more detailed letter in the near future.

Respectfully yours in the  
Holy Heart of Mary,  
Sister St. Eugene.

Manteno, Ill.  
Feb 22, 1940.

Rev. Father Aloysius  
St. Jude Seminary,  
Mokenca, Ill.

Dear Father:

I had intended to write  
to you some days ago but never  
had the opportunity.

There are a lot of things  
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the last time you were <sup>here</sup>, but time  
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that message came from - she also told Rev. Mother she would take it to our Ecclesiastical Superior in Chicago. Rev. Mother seemed rather worried about this but I told her not to worry.

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However Father this is a Sister who does not follow the program which was given her last September - She was sick a year ago and the Doctor ordered much rest for her - her program was fixed accordingly - she rises later than the Community - rests after school and retires early in the evening - Of course she has been given special time for her Religious exercises - Half of the time she does not go to rest in the afternoon & when she gets her prayers in, God only knows, because she certainly doesn't go to the chapel



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It seems to me that the exercises of the rule come before added penances.

There are some of the things Sister does. - if only she could be honest with herself & with others - but this seems impossible - Sister has many good qualities but they are spoiled by her selfishness & self-seeking.

If this knowledge can be of any help to you in dealing with Sister, Father, will be most happy.

All I want is Sisters happiness in Religious life which I know cannot exist; I tried to impress on her the obligation she has of striving after perfection but all seems in vain.

I am confident however, that by prayer & penance God will sometime give Sister the graces she stands in need of.

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I trust that you will remember me in your prayers that God may grant me the grace to become a Saint.

Enclosed is a Mass Stipend for a Mass to be said for the repose of the soul of Mrs Rosella Cyr.

Rest assured, you are not forgotten in the humble prayers of  
Sister St Eugene.



J. M. J.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

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Fest of the Annunciation 1940

Reverend Father Alaynius  
St Jude Seminary  
Mokenca, Illinois

Dear Father Alaynius:

Kindly accept my most prayerful  
heartfelt thanks for your fervent prayers and  
those of your good seminarians which have  
helped me recover so rapidly that it is  
well nigh miraculous. May the Holy Heart  
of Mary obtain for you in return graces  
innumerable for yourself and the precious  
souls entrusted to your care.

Reverend Mother has permitted  
my asking you to be my Confessor and  
Director during this illness. As I shall most  
likely spend a few weeks convalescing in  
Mokenca I hope this will not prove  
an imposition upon your charity.

If it were possible, I should of-



precipitate your coming this week as it will be my one and only opportunity of asking you to say a few words of encouragement to the little novice about whom I spoke when you were so kind as to come to the Academy at Monmouth to hear my Confession before my operation. She has been a patient here, also, almost as long as I. Her family, you will recall my telling you, has disowned her for entering religion. Not even her illness awakened a word of love or sympathy. They ignored both her letters and mine. This is all the more painful to her in that since her father's death, eight years ago, she kept house, even did the washing and ironing, reared two younger children and worked her way through Catholic High School because her mother refused to pay her tuition (even though she had the means) she wanted the child to go to Public School. There are 3 older brothers who could support the mother who, however, is in good health and holds a good government position.

Of course if it is impossible for you to come this week I shall see in that another mark of Divine Providence. I have been awed at its infinitely tender delicacies. How true it is that we are borne about in the



J.M.F.

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Hand of our Heavenly Father like a child in its mother's arms.

Dad has been very good to me in this illness which I consider a spiritual vacation.

You see six years ago in the early part of February our Lord withdrew His sensible presence from me. Then followed dryness, disgust, weariness lassitude, blasphemous thoughts an overpowering sense of — what shall I call it — utter separation from God — damnation

A powerlessness, a helplessness — a being "reduced to the least common denominator" spiritually as one holy Jesuit called it. Then within the last two years that being reduced to nothingness — an emptying so to speak — of the faculties. But it would take too long to write, and its almost mail time once more. I've had visitors who took up the time I had planned on using to write



I am enclosing a Mass stipend I received  
as a gift. Kindly say a Mass of Thanksgiving  
including an oramus to the Holy Heart of  
Mary and one to the Holy Ghost that you  
may be given an insight into my soul  
and that of this novice in order to help  
us realize to the full God's infinite  
designs upon us for His greater glory  
and our ever increasing union with Him.

In Mary's Holy Heart, I am

Most respectfully and gratefully yours,

S. S. Thomas S.P.C.M.

P.S. A special hour of my wee bit of there in  
Christ's sufferings in one this Passiontide  
were offered for you and your good penitents.

S. S. T.

The Doctor has permitted my going to spend  
next Sunday, Good Shepherd Sunday, with my  
little flock. I mention this to avoid your making  
a fruitless trip here that day. I'm bringing home  
the little novice.



Copy.

Saturday - March 2, 1940.

"I can only extend My grace to Sister Aimee by the generous offerings of prayers and penances through Me to the Eternal Father. It is My desire that Mother will give herself to Me in a complete donation. By such an act she will compassionate My Heart thirsting for love and draw down my Merciful Love upon this soul. Pray with Me that she (Mother) will embrace My Inspiration courageously and lovingly. Her soul is dear to Me and there I can find rest. I want her always with Me!"

Each succeeding night for a week He awakened me (Frances) at 11 o'clock, always with the words,

"My chalice, I offer Myself within you this coming hour to the Eternal Father for Mother, that she may give fulness to the Life of the Holy Spirit within her and become His other beloved child in whom He shall be well pleased!"

Saturday - March 9, 1940.

Speaking of what you saw Thursday



night;

"yes, from that she may know it is the oblivion of self that I seek from her that we may be but One. I desire her so to live in My Presence that I alone shall be present to all. It is not exterior accomplishments that please Me but perfect interior submission to My Will.

The more a soul allows Me to reproduce Myself truly in itself the more joy and rest do I feel in it. The greatest happiness a soul can give Me is to let Me absorb it into the Divinity. My Heart has so many graces to give and souls refuse them. When I find one that will give itself to Me entirely without questioning I lavish My gifts upon it. I desire with a very great longing to pour out My Love upon her for she has shown Me marks of great love in her trust and abandonment to Me. By accepting My Will in all things she is ever in My Presence. For the glory of My Father, the consolation of My Heart and the good of souls, I desire her to make a vow to constantly radiate



My Presence by a sustained spirit of joy. Ask her to be a victim of My Love that I may absorb her into Myself, that the souls she deals with may know through her My yoke is sweet. I shall bless this act with untold merit and countless graces that she may keep the hands of Mary, Our Immaculate Mother, filled with the purchasing price of countless other souls.

I do not ask her for suffering - but her own self as My consolation in suffering.

Copy of message given with badge.  
February 9, 1940.

"To the glory of My Father, I bless this badge with My Sacramental Presence and attach to it the animating influence of the Holy Spirit. In the degree of the Divine Life within them, superiors become a power for good. I have compassion on the soul of Mother St Eugene. Give her this badge as a pledge of My Special Love - - - the Spirit of the Most Blessed

Trinity shall overshadow her that  
she might bring Me forth in souls  
and her humble dependence upon  
Me shall obtain untold graces for  
her Sisters.

I shall bless her fidelity to grace  
and devotion in wearing this badge,  
by extending My Mercy to her less  
fervent subjects.



Our Lady Academy  
Manteno, Illinois

March 4, 1940

Rev. Father Flaysius,  
St Jude Seminary  
Mokence, Ill.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find two dollars  
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Mr. F. E. Kiley and the other for Mr. Frank Richards.  
Will you please let me know when these

Masses will be said?

Yours gratefully in Mary's Holy Heart.  
Sister St Eugene.



*St. Patrick Academy*  
Momence, Illinois

March 4, 1940

Rev. Father Aloysius, Rector,  
St. Jude Seminary  
Momence, Illinois

Reverend and dear Father:

The Sisters were highly pleased with your beautiful conference on the Holy Heart of Mary.

We have written up excerpts from it and would appreciate it so much if you would correct any misinterpretations and make any additions you think necessary to complete the points we failed to grasp. It was so magnificent that we would like to treasure it for future inspiration.

Would this be too much to ask of you?

Respectfully in J. M. J.

*Sister Rose Mary*  
Superior

Manteno, Ill.  
March 12, 1940.

Rev. Father Mloysius  
St. Jude Seminary  
Morse, Ill.

Dear Father:

I had an interview with Frances last Saturday evening and she gave me the message from the Sacred Heart.

I asked her, as you told me to, to beg of our Divine Master the meaning of the Sister's appearance to me, and I also told her of my inspiration during the chanting of the Divine Office. Frances said she would ask the Sacred Heart and I am sending you a copy of His message.

I see clearly that the only path for me to follow is that of being in



His Holy Presence.

While I don't see my way, and know that of myself I cannot do this, yet I am sure that He will supply my weakness with the strength necessary.

My only desire is to be His alone and oh! to be in love with Love is Heaven! At times my hunger for Him is so great that I cannot keep back the tears and it seems that my whole body vibrates with emotion.

Rather, I am most anxious to offer myself as a victim of Love and I have written to our Rev. Mother Provincial to get my permission to make the vow because I feel this is necessary. I desire with all my heart to be consumed with His Love.

How favored we are to have Frances here with us - I know that she is the source of many blessings for us.

God has been good to us in placing

our souls under your understanding direction - I had often felt the need of a Spiritual Director but this is the first time God has granted this desire.

Perhaps may I ask you to pray for me, that I may become more pliable in His Hands? That I may strip myself of myself so that no one will remain but only Jesus.

Oh! if I could draw all souls closer to Him!

And to think that there are so many, even consecrated souls who stay at a distance! Dear, Jesus, I pity Him.

I received a Badge of the Sacred Heart from Frances and I am enclosing a copy of His message sent to me with it.

Again begging a remembrance in your prayers I remain yours in Mary's Holy Heart  
Sister St Eugene.



J. M. J.

HOLY FAMILY ACADEMY  
BEAVERVILLE, ILLINOIS

March 12/40.

Reverend Father O'Leary:-

Inclosed is the mass stipend  
for the mass you were requested to say  
for Mother St. Thomas, Mistress of Novices.  
Mother will be operated to morrow Wednesday.  
Please have your community and boys  
pray for her speedy recovery, for she is  
a very capable subject. Thank you.

Standards have not ceased since I saw  
you and the letters I have received

are most gratifying from the spiritual standpoint. - I often wondered if our Father Founder or the S. Heart has not a message for me in regard to a lack of generosity on my part and that Frances would hesitate to say anything because I am in charge of the Province? Mother Name I have written a long letter to Frances in regard to the return of Frances to the Novitiate. Meanwhile let us pray that God's will may be done for His greater glory and the sanctification of souls.  
Yours in the Merciful Hearts of Jesus & Mary.  
Sister St Emily.



1. Does our Lord desire S. Mary Mediatrix to be denied rest even during the day when her sufferings are so intense she can neither eat nor sleep?
2. Should she be denied even a bit of brandy (the only nourishment she can take at such times?)
3. My struggle over being denied by Reverend Mother the privilege of fasting even on Ember days.
4. Agreeable to God I ask through S. M. Mediatrix for sufficient health to follow Holy Rule without extra rest? If so - request it through obedience

5. Recommend Sr. John Joseph's  
trial — (Mass for her)

also all those now under-  
going desolation and temptation.

6. Only a general affirmative  
reply concerning Sr. Mary Em-  
manuel.

7. Recommend all the <sup>wayward</sup> fathers, mothers,  
brothers and sisters of the Novices  
and Postulants to the Merciful  
Heart of Jesus.



Have Sister Mary Mediatrix ask for  
the conversion of her sister Peggy and her husband

1. Attitude at prayer, especially meditation  
(Recollection throughout the day - lack of)
2. Attitude towards aridity and  
disgust.
3. Obstacle to complete union.
4. Attitude towards Sr. Anita Marie
5. Closed-up novice
6. Anxiety about Jeanette Lawler -  
excessive penances.
7. Anxiety over playing up with tried  
and tempted souls.

J. M. J.

**Our Lady Academy**  
**Manteno, Illinois**

March 21, 1940  
Holy Thursday.

In obedience to the Divine Will, I make to the Sacred Heart of Jesus a vow of greater perfection; 1) to make repeated acts of strict resignation to the abandonment in which He leaves me that others may have light; 2) to render services; 3) to surrender my ideas and habits to others when it does not conflict with duty.

I make this vow with the permission of my director, Rev. Father Aloysius C.M.F., my provincial and local superiors. I call upon the Blessed Virgin to thank the Sacred Heart for me and to guard Jesus' honor in my life; St. Catherine of Siena to obtain for me strength and virility; St. Teresa of Avila, light to distinguish inspiration from the ruses of the devil; St. Francis of Assisi, to obtain for me love unto folly; Our Venerable Father to make me his worthy daughter.

Since "the spouse of a Crucified God belongs beside her spouse beneath the cross," I wish to place myself there and in obedience to my director offer myself as a co-redemptrix of souls and to pray especially for the souls of priests and missionaries.

Sister Mary Catherine

Manitowish, Ill.  
Feb. 14, 1940.

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Fest of the Annunciation 1946

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Mokenca, Illinois

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St Jude Seminary  
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Again begging a remembrance in your prayers I remain yours in Mary's Holy Heart  
Sister St Eugene.



I have been thinking much lately about you and your family. I hope you are all well and happy. I am feeling better now, but still have some pain in my back. I wish I could see you all again.

Your affectionate father,  
John Smith

J. M. J.

HOLY FAMILY ACADEMY  
BEAVERVILLE, ILLINOIS

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regard to the return of Frances to the Novitiate.  
Meanwhile let us pray that God's will  
may be done for His greater glory and  
the sanctification of souls.  
Yours in the Merciful Hearts of Jesus & Mary.  
Sister St Emily.



Reverend Father Aloysius  
St. Jude Seminary  
Mokena, Illinois

Dear Reverend Father:

The purpose of this letter is to frankly and openly lay before you something of my past life, and a few things purposely withheld hereto because their avowal seemed unnecessary...All this that you might better direct me on the right path. I do this with the approval of my Provincial Superior and the permission of my local superior. I choose to write for many reasons: to save time, because I write with greater ease than I can speak, because I am weak and haven't the courage to do it any other way and lastly, because I am unaccustomed to seeking direction. Tanqueray says that when possible this should not be done by correspondence, but this once I think I can draw exception. However, I shall not do so in future unless urgent need of unlooked-for circumstances demand it. It will be more profitable to my soul, I think, to break down my reserve and learn to be simple and reveal things in open converse hereafter.

That you may better understand I shall briefly merge through my characteristics (as I see them) and give you a glimpse into the past. Characteristics--proud, independent, wilful nature, little feeling for others (sometimes perhaps there is a spark of warmth), critical, unkind, good judgment, alert, systematic, energetic, joyful nature, strong tendencies for good and evil, slow of decision, but quick to action, determined will, at times spontaneous, ~~xx~~ yet reserved, mischievous and fun loving.

Now for a glimpse backward - My entry in religion was a triumph of Divine Grace obtained through the intercessory prayers and sacrifices of those interested in me. Religious life appealed to me and strongly in my years of early fervor (my first call was on my First Holy Communion Day) In those early years I loved God sensibly and I longed to give my life for Him and to be a martyr. That was truly heroic, I thought. But there came a time when I was drawn forcibly toward the pleasures of the world, and I did not want to give my life to God. For three long years I struggled against my vocation, refusing to speak of it openly to anyone (because I knew what they would say) not even to a director, and when I did, I did not do it simply and frankly. I sought about for a loop-hole through which I might slip to avoid the call. My great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and our Blessed Mother, I think saved me. When the struggle was greatest it was at the foot of the tabernacle I poured out my soul. God wanted me, (and it sounds terrible) but I didn't want Him at the cost He demanded. The deep conviction that I could not save my soul outside the convent coupled with Divine Grace capped the moment and I firmly determined to give myself to God. My vocation struggles ceased and it became veritably easy to do this. I was quite ill during my novitiate and it was feared my health would prove a barrier. By, it seems, almost a miracle of Divine Grace I was accepted at which time I made a Vow under the pain of Venial Sin "Never to speak uncharitably against anyone", with the promise of renewal each year provided I obtained permission. I fell far short in this and I think I failed miserably a few times. Then, on mission, placed in a position of trust, once I got my bearings I became overbearing, dictative, irritable. My failures were many because my work demanded constant self-sacrifice, and without however, realizing it the "ego" meant more to me. (This was all told me by a well-meaning confessor). I lost taste for God and the things of God-but my work was efficient and well done. I never did anything outstandingly wrong, but was guilty of many little infidelities. I took back from God something of what I had given Him and I feared to relinquish my hold for fear of what God might ask of me if I surrendered myself wholly. The future looked bleak and uncertain. We were given an instruction on Victim Souls. The idea held appeal but not all I knew it meant. I decided though to look into the matter, and after much reading, consideration and prayer I joined the ranks. But here my fears again welled up and it was only after a period of intense struggle with self--which I overcame by daily making the Stations of the Cross--that I was able to surrender my will. I made my offering, (merely a promise) as a Victim of Reparation in February 1939, and was enrolled as a member last Good Friday. I also offered myself as a Slave of Mary (I am not registered as one and I have no inclination right now).

God rewarded this gift of self with much, I think, delight, I am not sure what-but I was urged on by a certain something to union with God, and I prayed that I might draw very, very near to Him and while I prayed thus one day I seemed to hear "Are you willing to pay the price". Struck with amazement and wonder, and in a fervent mood, it was easy to say "Yes, Lord, with Thy Divine Light and Love all things are possible to me." And I meant it. From then on, I felt a change in myself and I think I advanced rapidly in overcoming self in many things. It seemed to me that God took me in hand, as He well needed to do. Then last summer was the change of superiors, and one day when in the chapel-it was on a Friday in July, I was making my visit to the Blessed Sacrament -praying or not-I don't remember, but I must have been thinking about the changes. I don't know just what happened but my mind was occupied and the thought flashed through me. "Perhaps it will be you". I strongly remonstrated: "Oh no, Lord,



not this time, it can't be, you don't want that, not this time, and I seemed to hear "I do". It all was so obviously foolish I simply cast the whole thing aside paying no heed to it at all, and when the thought did reoccur to my mind again, I just would not even think of it. I went to retreat in August set on having a restful, quiet retreat because I was very tired. The second day I had my turn for direction with our Reverend Mother and she point blankly put the question to me: Are you ready to do all things for God—even to be superior? — I was like one struck dumb and I just could not answer. She put the question a second time and I responded: "Yes, even that". Still I told her nothing, I just could not. Though she reassured me at the end of our converse the question (apparently aimlessly put, with God's permission) threw me in a state of fear and anguish so strong that I thought I should die under the strain of it. I suffered intense pain physically in my throat and heart, so that I could not breathe freely. The evening of the third day, I felt I could stand no more, and that I must speak to someone, and without knowing how I could speak, I went to confession. There like a poor weak child I poured all the anguish of my soul. My misery far exceeded any pride or independence in that moment, and I did not care what might be thought of me. I was so bowed down it was easy to ask for help to abandon my soul to God, which I did. The answer I received was encourageing and strengthening: "You are abandoned, there is nothing wrong in the higher elements of your soul, it is merely the human phase of it. God is apparently taking you at your word, He is giving you to taste of the bitterness of His own chalice in the Garden. Steel yourself for what lies before you, for there are far worse things in store for you than being superior. Pray for strength, prepare for the struggle so that when it comes you may be ready. Go to God, throw yourself in His arms, stay there". I tried to do as I was told, and though it was a comfort to know that God had suffered these things, still I felt no positive relief, until I chanced to read in Tanqueray's Spiritual Life on the Gift of Fortitude. I there realized that was what I needed. And I read, too, "that the first Christians returned from the Communion with the strength of lions. Cowardly and weak, I determined that I would receive Holy Communion the next morning with the utmost devotion possible, and that I would ask for this Gift I so needed. Then it occurred to me I needed them all, and I prayed intently for them all. Just at the moment I was to receive Holy Communion I had a thought against the Real Presence, but I met it strongly and firmly with an ardent act of Faith, and the evil thought left me... Then after all this, it seemed to me I had to tell Reverend Mother, and I did it in writing. In these dark hours it seemed to me that I had lost all my sense because I could neither think nor reason, in fact I wondered if I wasn't losing my mind. The devil sure was working hard, and so was God. I saw myself as I am, a poor, weak helpless creature—all the unkindness and infidelities of the past stood out clearly and reproachfully before me and I realized as I never did before how really wicked I had been, and I determined that henceforward I would never be harsh or unkind again, and I don't think I have been. Back on mission I set to work with a new impetus and determination. It seems to me now I could endure anything with the grace of God, and I would dare anything. My one fear now is infidelity and the devil, and it seems to me I should have this. I have risen to a newer and better life, and have a constant need for God and the things of God. I have told you of my spiritual difficulties and desires, and I see no need for repetition now, though I shall mention them. The devil, it seems, to me, is using all kinds of stratagems to lead me from God, the most recent one is the thought that if you knew of my past, you would not approve of a life of identification with Christ for me, because I am still so imperfect. I definitely did not intend to tell you many things I have written, but I did so, to baffle the evil one, and to set my mind and heart at peace. Satan, I am sure, has suffered surprise, as have I, because I didn't think I would ever muster the courage to do this. It was hard, but now that it is done—I feel an all-pervading peace. God has again scored high, and I am so thankful.

I am cultivating, I believe, have a great devotion to the Sacred Passion; I find the meekness and humility expressed in loving submission of Christ to His Eternal Father of special appeal. The acceptance of God-ordained trials to the complete forgetfulness of self is what I desire to attain, to suffer without bringing others under my cloud, in union with Christ. And when things are hard, I like to think that I carry with me the suffering Christ in my members.

I prayed not long ago to God that He might hasten the time of my purification, so that I might not long be separated from Him, if He thought me strong enough to bear it, and if in accordance with His sacred designs. I don't know if I did wrong, but if I did, do tell me. And I asked God, too, if He thought me able, to let me bear some of the devil's temptations, and to free one certain soul we have who needs the great grace of God. Perhaps the last few weeks of turmoil are due to this. I hope I wasn't too forward, but God certainly did not withhold His grace, and I am not sorry. In fact I am ready for more when God chooses to send it.

Shall be steeling myself to face what you have to say Saturday. Incidentally, I am sending a copy of this letter to our Reverend Mother, she knows all, but Mother St. Eugene doesn't, and it is not my desire that she know. I see no need for it, and feel sure you will respect my wishes in this matter.

Respectfully,

*Sister Mary of the Precious Blood*

1. Does our Lord desire S. Mary Mediatrix to be denied rest even during the day when her sufferings are so intense she can neither eat nor sleep?
2. Should she be denied even a bit of brandy (the only nourishment she can take at such times)?
3. My struggle over being denied by Reverend Mother the privilege of fasting even on Ember days.
4. Agreeable to God I ask through S. M. Mediatrix for sufficient health to follow Holy Rule without extra rest? If so - request it through obedience

5. Recommend Sr. John Joseph's  
trial — (Mass for her)

also all those now under  
going desolation and temptation.

6. Only a general affirmative  
reply concerning Sr. Mary Em-  
manuel.

7. Recommend all the <sup>wayward</sup> fathers, mothers,  
brothers and sisters of the Novices  
and Postulants to the Merciful  
Heart of Jesus.



Have Sister Mary Mediatrix ask for  
the conversion of her sister Peggy and her husband

1. Attitude at prayer, especially meditation  
(Recollection throughout the day - lack of)
2. Attitude towards aridity and  
disgust.
3. Obstacle to complete union.
4. Attitude towards Sr. Anita Marie
5. Closed-up novice
6. Anxiety about Janette Lawler -  
excessive penances.
7. Anxiety over playing up with tried  
and tempted souls.

J. M. J.

Our Lady Academy  
Manteno, Illinois

March 21, 1940  
Holy Thursday.

In obedience to the Divine Will, I make to the Sacred Heart of Jesus a vow of greater perfection; 1) to make repeated acts of strict resignation to the abandonment in which He leaves me that others may have light, 2) to render services, 3) to surrender my ideas and habits to others when it does not conflict with duty.

I make this vow with the permission of my director, Rev. Father Aloysius C.M.F., my provincial and local superiors. I call upon the Blessed Virgin to thank the Sacred Heart for me and to guard Jesus' honor in my life; St. Catherine of Siena to obtain for me strength and virility; St. Teresa of Avila, light to distinguish inspiration from the ruses of the devil; St. Francis of Assisi, to obtain for me love unto folly; Our Venerable Father to make me his worthy daughter.

Since "the spouse of a Crucified God belongs beside her Spouse beneath the cross," I wish to place myself there and in obedience to my director offer myself as a co-redemptrix of souls and to pray especially for the souls of priests and missionaries.

Sister Mary Catherine



J. M. J.

Our Lady Academy  
Manteno, Illinois  
March 26, 1940

Reverend Father Aloysius  
St. Jude Seminary  
Mokena, Illinois

Dear Reverend Father:

Following is the data requested of me in writing: -

Wednesday of Holy Week, March 20th - I received through the hands of my director a Sacred Heart Badge with the message: (dated March 19, 1940.)

"To the Glory of My Father, I bless this badge with My Sacramental Presence and attach to it the Holy Abandonment that was Mine during My Passion. I wish to reign in the soul of Sister Mary of the Precious Blood and have her rely on Me Without fear. The martyrdom I desire of her is an interior life of absolute Faith. I wish her to know that the things I demand are flames of love escaping from My Heart in order to attract and to sanctify human hearts through her correspondence. The measure in which she leaves Me free to work in her soul will increase the glory of the Most Holy Trinity within herself and countless other souls. Give her this badge as a pledge of My Special Love. Fear not-it is I-let Me draw you into the depths of My Heart."

My mind was covered with confusion and shrouded in mystery and uncertainty. I wanted to believe it was God, tried to believe, but I could not understand. I read and reread His message, praying for light that I might see, - and the more I read the more I thought "It is so like Him." I wondered at the things that He said, they were so specific, so replete, and the words, it seemed to me were a comforting assurance and response to my many desires.

Holy Thursday morning - I pleaded with God: "Tell me, Lord, is it really You?" The uncertainty grew but I determined to endure it all in bare faith until He saw fit to clear the mystery. Then, after a few hours in the darkness, it seemed I should know, and I went to Mother St. Eugene and asked her to explain what it all meant for I had seen her with an envelope and thought it was the one I received. She assured me that such was not the case - that she, too, had received a message and badge. A sense of relief swept over me and as I pondered and thought of the many things Frances had said to me flashed through my mind. I remembered that on many occasions her very words were those I heard in the confessional. I wanted to rise up and go to her, but I feared to, and prayed she might come down, which she did. I embraced her while all my pent-up emotions poured out. God seemed to reveal Himself to me in her soul. His infinite Goodness well-nigh overcame me, and while I embraced her I could do naught but extol His infinite Love and Goodness, and I cried "Now I understand, how good God is, how good He is! The many things Frances had said to me rolled before my mind, and I wondered that I had not seen before. She bid me have no fear, to let Him draw me into the very depths of His love. My numerous infidelities and His great goodness stood out in mighty contrast - and the more I thought of His goodness the more I realized my utter nothingness and misery and unkindness. God gave me then, I think, with the Gift of Understanding, His gift of tears. Holy Thursday night when I retired I prayed to God that He might let me keep vigil with Him that night, if in accord with His holy Will. But I fell into a sound slumber, and when I awakened I took His message and placed it upon my breast, and my badge upon my lips after kissing it reverently. Then I am not sure what happened but I did not know that I lived, I grew numb, and could not move when I tried to--there passed before my mind the scene of Christ weeping over Jerusalem, His words on that occasion. My pride and independence and unkindness loomed up before me and remembering the goodness of God and my infidelities, it seemed that I had been - oh, so ungrateful, and that I should make an apology, and repair in a little way something of my infidelities. Then I thought of a soul in this community which seemed to me in extreme need. There seemed an overwhelming force swept over me demanding this apology and warning. My resolves shaped themselves into the following words, which it seemed to me I should say: (I repeat them as they were said) - "In the presence of the Most Blessed Trinity and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mother and sisters, I ask your mercy and pardon for my proud, independent, domineering spirit, and unkindness. Sisters, the time of our visitation is at hand, God is with us. We must rise up and go to Him, or we, too, shall bear the reproach: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst but known the things that in this day are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from you, but God hath revealed them to His little ones. Ask me no questions for my lips are sealed as with live coal." Do you forgive me?" I felt that this warning was necessary and would prove helpful. I determined to do this-no matter what the cost, ~~if~~ God really wanted it.

Good Friday morning I went like a child with faltering footsteps to Frances (with my superior's permission) and I told her I thought God was asking me to do something special for Him, and I related the above to her, and asked her if it was really God. She assured me it was - that God did want this, and - I did it, though my whole frame shook with such agitation I could scarcely speak. I thought it human weakness, but I think now it was mostly Satan's fury. All day Good Friday my mind was like a clouded mist, I was deeply absorbed in God and prayer. That night I made a three-hour vigil in the chapel. This soul and its need stood out on my mind with persistent demand. (The thought was dreadful).



My infidelities were like scarlet before me, and it seemed a General Confession of my religious life would add much to the purity of my soul. I didn't even want to think of such a thing, but I decided I would-perhaps God wanted me to do that-the humiliation would do me good. So I decided I would do this, and that I would offer any torture I might feel for the poor soul for whom I was praying.(I think this General Confession idea was a play of the devil to put disturbance in my soul). As I prayed and pondered the wailing plaint coursed through my mind- "He hath borne the iniquities of us all - The chastisement of our peace is upon Him." ( I had meditated on these words during Lent until it seemed to me that virtue went out from Him to me). As the thoughts repeated themselves I pleaded with God to allow "The chastisement of her peace to fall upon me". The price seemed so small. When I had prayed thus and offered myself in this fashion, it seemed to me my soul attained a new purity, and I held the firm conviction that His mighty grace would effect Redemption in this soul, and that I should bear "The chastisement of her peace. I promised God I would climb the very heights of Calvary if He would allow me. His heavenly delight and grace and love, it seemed, diffused itself over my soul. I had no fear then - and it seemed to me I left the Garden of Gethsemane and stood at the gates of Olivet radiant, the beauty of His countenance spread out over mine. I was filled with a great joy and took unto myself her soul -"my other soul". It seems that Satan will let loose his vengeance on me.

Holy Saturday morning I wept tears of joy - so absorbed in God was I and so filled with Him that I was conscious of little about me. Then when I left the chapel Sister Philip came to me and told me she had dreamed I died - she carried me to a bed and when I raised my head there was a heavenly radiance and I exclaimed: "Oh, the eternal nuptials!" I think God revealed Himself to Sister in my soul at that moment." - Do you think this dream held any significance? - Though I have no assurance I hold the firm conviction that God wills that I climb Calvary's heights, and come very close to Him. I have long felt that God wanted hard things from me, and it was because of this that I feared to give myself wholly - but now I stand without fear. I told Frances these things and the Eternal Father had shown her my soul immersed in Christ and He said: "Behold, this is my other child in whom I am well pleased." She asked me, too, if I was conscious when Mary did for me what she did on February 2nd. I was surprised and inquired what. She told me that Mary had roped my soul to her virginal purity that Satan might not touch me, she enfolded my soul, and cast her mantle about it. I knew nothing of that but after I thought back I remembered that one morning I awakened and it seemed to me, I was held, and when I tried to move, I could not. I wondered the next morning if God had held me - but I said, "no, it could not be, and I would not think of it, though I did wonder. Then I asked Frances if it was during the night, and she said - yes, so I know now that it was Mary. (Feb. 2nd was the anniversary-1st- of the offering of myself as a victim soul). With the assurance of these revelations from Frances that my soul is immersed in Christ and roped to the virginal purity of Mary - I know that though Satan will vent his fury - he cannot touch my soul or mar its purity, and I rely on Him without fear".

Holy Saturday evening "my other soul" was the chosen one to carry the lilies to decorate the altar for Easter day. When I entered the chapel and saw her carrying the lily plants I thrilled with inexpressible delight and begged God to wash away with His most Precious Blood any remaining stains, and I asked Mary to rope 'my other soul' with mine and her virginal purity and to make her soul as pure as the lilies she carried. I begged God to allow me to feel her struggles of soul, so that I may join her in combatting the evil one.

With these sentiments of joy, I retired to rest, with His message and Badge upon my breast. I slept well, but frequently awoke and each time felt impelled to kiss my badge, - which I did. Then, - I don't know when it was - I seem to have no conception of time - but I awakened, my mind was absorbed in God. I remembered the terrible warning sounded Good Friday morning and it seemed I had struck a note of fear and uneasiness in some hearts. Then I thought of the inexpressible joy come to us Holy Saturday, the lilies and all. (Not that I really knew anything, I didn't but I held a strong conviction that all was well. I can't explain the why for of it, but I was so definitely certain that there wasn't the least shadow of doubt in my mind) It seemed I should relieve or lend an assurance to take away any alarm by telling them of the joy come to us. Again - this was straying from the ordinary, but I was so forcefully impelled it seemed that I must deliver this message of joy, that He would not be greatly offended, but He seemed to desire it. I thought, too, of the words in His message to me: "The things I demand are flames of love escaping from My Heart in order to attract and draw souls." It seemed my failure to correspond would deprive Him of Glory, that a message of warmth was needed to draw souls to Him. How I wished Frances were here so I might ask her if God really wanted this - but she wasn't. I considered - Can any harm be effected? - I could see none except perhaps to self, and that was no reason. I was like a faltering child wanting to do His will but not certain of what He wanted. Then I took my Badge, placed it on my lips as on Holy Thursday night and I asked God to make me forget everything - to make my mind blank - and let me not remember these things if they were not to be said. But they repeated themselves continuously until I determined "Lord, I see, it is Thy desire, deliver Thy message of joy through me." I fell asleep again and awakened, I think toward morning, remembering at once the joy, the lilies and all. Then I felt the approach of fear - which it seemed to me, was barred from entry-it phased me not. With a fulness of love and joy I cried to the Lord - "Lead me and draw me into the very depths of Thy Heart - from there let Thy message of joy come forth." I determined to rise, dress quickly when the bell rang, and go to Mother and tell her it seemed I must deliver a message to relieve any uneasiness incurred by the terrible warning of Good Friday. This I did,



feeling in my heart that her permission would be the decision since she is the "Mouthpiece of God". Her answer was "If you feel that way, then do it".

After Holy Mass and Communion (during which tears of joy copiously flowed' the Easter greeting from our Reverend Mother was read, and then I knelt in the same spot as on Good Friday (this time without agitation or fear) and said the following words as it seemed to me the Spirit dictated.

"In the name of the Blessed Trinity and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, there is a message of joy come to you today - God hath laid His hand in peace and benediction upon this household- He would make of it a Sanctuary of Love. God hath demanded that I tell you this, and it hath been revealed that "the things He demands are flames of love escaping from His Heart to attract and sanctify souls". Our souls must be bound together and roped to the virginal purity of Mary. I had asked Mary to send us a lily plant for here (the refectory). She hath not sent the plant, but it seems that we are the lilies. Satan is furious, but he is held, keep close vigil. Pax Vobis!

I anxiously waited for Frances to return so I could tell her what happened and know if God had really wanted that. I did so want to know. Her return was late, but I felt I must know, so I asked permission to see her after night prayer which permission was granted. She told me she had realized I had been His joy this Easter morning, for sometime between the hours of three and four Easter Sunday morning while in the Beaverville chapel - the figure of Christ Glorified seemed to emanate from the Tabernacle. Christ outstretched His arms and enfolded a soul which she knew to be mine, and drew it to His Heart. Then His figure ascended to the Eternal Father and following His embrace came other religious souls and she knew they were given the grace through my expression of love for Him." I asked her if "my other soul" was really clear - she assured me it was, and that it was trysting with the Sacred Heart and my soul." I retired joyful that He had been Glorified, and that He had really given me "my other soul".

Monday, March 25th - Mary's Day, our day (my other soul's and mine) I offered our souls as twins of Love - Peace and Joy. (Her soul as peace, mine as joy). Providence arranged that we should spend the day in Beaverville together. On the way there she seemed to cling to me as a little child - she told me of her great joy and peace, and I answered: "If God has given you as great graces as He hath given me, then He hath truly done wonderful things for you. I held her hand while she spoke - asking God to let His graces flow to her through me. I am neither tender nor affectionate by nature, but all day Monday, I felt drawn to caress and love all. It seemed like the effulgence of His love longing to pour itself out on souls. I had very often experienced a mysterious semblance of the Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle before (to which I feared to give myself) but today He seemed so near and distinct.

Father I believe I have told you all as clearly and fully as I could. It seems I have lived years in this past few days - but I must come down to earth now - my duties are heavy - mental work seems almost impossible, but it must be done! I am asking God if in accord with His good wishes to give me clarity of mind just for my mental duties. Now, - my one care is fidelity to His good pleasure, my one fear that I may not fully comply with His every wish.

May the Divine Wisdom enlighten, guide and direct you in your work for souls. Any suggestions you may think useful will be much appreciated.

Respectfully in the Blessed Trinity and  
the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

*Sister Mary of the Precious Blood*